22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

My dear Violet,

Alleyhorn can't come till Tuesday, so the operation can't be done till then. It's a great bother - & Nessa & Georgie might have stayed on as long as they had meant - They have come back very well & cheerful, though they didn't see much of Florence.

Yr aff. JMK

I will write & say how he goes on - of course I know you care about it - only I really think

There need be no & anxiety
about the operation Italy
Please get your Knees well –

NYPL

Crum will lip you a pound
to morrow.

22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

My woman,

I did not realize all
the splendour of your
book till I opened it — & it
gave me shivers down my
back with joy. I believe it's
an heirloom, & you ought to
keep it — But I can't help
saying that it gives me —
though sinfully — great joy —
Your soul will be warm
(as with fur cloaks) in Paradise
but how will your poor bones
get through this world — & you

Give away those four substance
like this? I curled up in
my chair & read it all this evening.
Our little Swiss maid can't
believe that the cloak is mine -
She thinks it's either lent or
left by mistake. © NYPL So the
long is over the back of a chair
& won't put it away.
My woman - I am afraid your
ex-mistress are a damned troublesome
lot - & you were rolled off
your feet today & you will
be in bed tomorrow. Were
you very much frightened?
The Evolution of the Forsyte
is not much to offer but such
as it is — (a very tender passage)
Sir Jasper

Quite sounds like Dickens. Did you
get your hatchet sharpened – hatchet
sounds so mediaval – You are a
rum bt. I hear one
idea of you – at the station that
pouring day which gives me fits
wherever I think of it. Whenever
N. see me laughing to myself – I say
it's only Violet. Gilbert Sparrow
my woman,

22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

1902.

I don't want a prize
for coming to see you – however
much it rains. I am very
fond of you. But books
do delight my soul. You
a blessed hellcat & an angel in
one. What a squaling & a
squeaking there must be
inside you – I put it where I
can look up & see it – It is so
referred & pathetic – I am sure it
has a past – like Gerald –

NYPL

How do you come by it, woman?
I can read the Greek pretty
easily. not but what Cayse
says I'm a fool. Think of
your poor Granny beginning
the first page of the Greek
Grammar this morning. I
go over it & over it – & nothing
can I understand.
I think of you & your holy
life on the mount. I come
home & rave about it – &
then there was a letter from
the man at Broomy to say
he's only got the house for
the winter – & Georgie has
written to ask it her

can take it for a 'term of years'. It really looks like ? business - but the house wont be nearly as good as yours - & not- much lonelier though we are 8 miles from a station. Dont chop any more paths - & dont make it too bald up round the house. When I come & stay I should like to have green shades in my windows - this you will consider I know. Still I dream of it - really I cant imagine anything better than the wood & the unexpected gardens - & the red tree - what I fear is that much digging will give Grecs soul a peace such as no Sparrow will disturb. I feel the same ~~that~~ being with Greek. time spent with dead Greeks is de-humanising - scraping about

in the Earth is Dr- Luminescing-
Dont get too Holy.
The Ledge row has had high
praise from Snow- who is
Unaccustomed rather a judge. Snow is
Come- Kitty is looming-
Daff Baker is on the verge-
So you see it is high time for you
to have your fringe pulled. I'm
afraid no one sees to it when I'm
not there. Just count the
words in this letter, & write me
as many back- & I like them
hot & affectionate. I am going
to bed with your Greek book
- under my pillow (not so
improper as it looks) Tell me
how your blessed wood gets on-
Have the bees got gallons? Have
you finished your hedging - or
whatever you call it - How are
my beloved Chalky Charles & Dennis-

NYPL

1902.

22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

Wednesday.

—

My Violet,

This is only a 3.d thought—
like those you send me—
nothing much to say—affection?
helps it—You are a star,
a comet rather—always wandering
in an darkness. After I left
You I had such a bout of
concentrated relationism—
lecture 2 hours long from the
little attitudinising woman
for remember at Salisbury,
Station. The days we have at

321 HYDE PARK GATE
S.W.

Shan any wish to see our relations
& they are heart & with
give us up in future - they
will to be like they xx xx —
I'm no good at making speech —
beg of a pagan to dispositions —
so, left them rather worse than
I found them. I daresay among
other things I was accused of
& making a fool of an intellect,
& stepping the burden of the
world which seems to consist of
family affection, on to other shoulders!

Well - I couldn't Deny that could??
Such a weight of Misfortune we have in
Jordan the Quaker has been again -
taught - always saying the one wrong
thing. She comes again tomorrow.
Everybody is told now not to stay
more than 15 minutes - which
is an excellent thing I think -
It doesn't really tyre people for
long, however feeble they are -
and the majority are daily
Despatched in 10 minutes.
Kathy back & going strong. Jack
back to night & beloved Nana
has her sisters pals again - not a
wholly apt metaphor - but it is
such a teasing hot hurry - to catch

the post as you would say.
Was the hat a success? Does the
Boarding house still keep its
character? (There two questions have
nothing whatever to do with each
other) NYPL Have Stanmer or
Hove over 'love' us. I propose
to send to you for her - but
only when she shall see you again:
On such matters how but very
sparing Mother is nothing but a practical
Cultivation - above does
Mother for anyone else - do you
think that true, my Violet. don't
say so if you do. We go there
to Day on Monday -
Katie & the Baby on Tuesday -
always wonder whether those shortly
Expeditions are worth while.
Are you pretty cheerful my Violet -
Send a affectionate & loving Yours
Gr. AS.

22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

Sunday.

My Robert,

Another very bad night. Lastly
any sleep at all - but his temp.
is not very high. Wilson thinks
that he has got weaker rather
rapidly in the last a few days,
& says all the symptoms are more
serious - but can't a change make
any difference. He is really fairly
cheerful & able to read a little - but
doesn't get any sleep really. He is to
have a sleeping draught to night.

I am writing to Hester tonight – forgot to last night. I have searched the Times but can't find your lecture anywhere. Tomorrow I will go to Bond St – oh What a good Granny – on my tender Pads. It is soaking wet here. Early hope The Cottage has held together, & all Gods material being hasn't suffered. Kathy tried here Friday – came in after next way home, quite unexpected, & stayed till past 11. Really I think have to revise my judgment. She is going back to her early ways again, & she is then charming.

E.M.F.